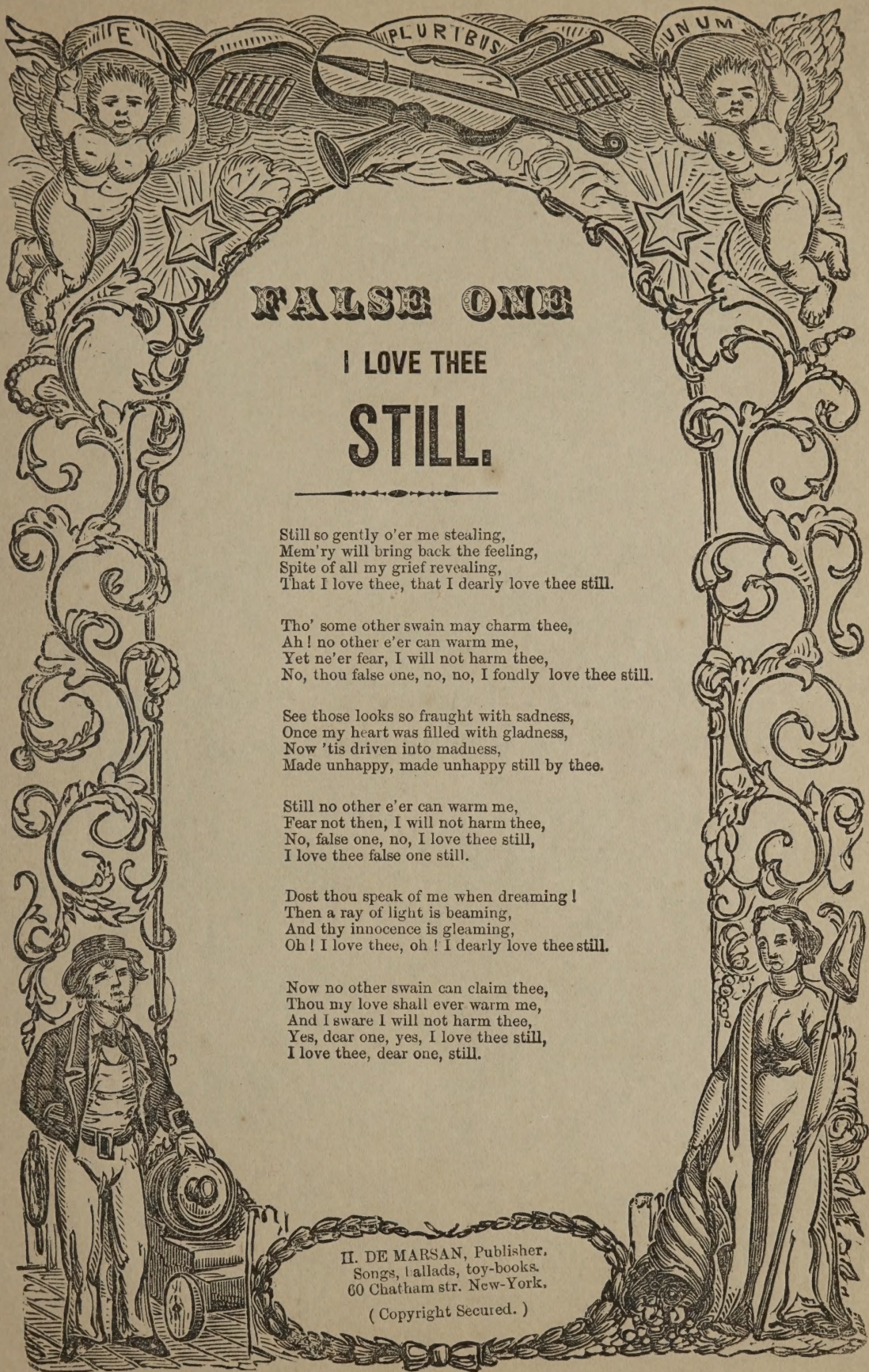

FALSE ONE

I LOVE THEE

STILL.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.

Tho' some other swain may charm thee,
Ah! no other e'er can warm me,
Yet ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,
No, thou false one, no, no, I fondly love thee still.

See those looks so fraught with sadness,
Once my heart was filled with gladness,
Now 'tis driven into madness,
Made unhappy, made unhappy still by thee.

Still no other e'er can warm me,
Fear not then, I will not harm thee,
No, false one, no, I love thee still,
I love thee false one still.

Dost thou speak of me when dreaming!
Then a ray of light is beaming,
And thy innocence is gleaming,
Oh! I love thee, oh! I dearly love thee still.

Now no other swain can claim thee,
Thou my love shall ever warm me,
And I sware I will not harm thee,
Yes, dear one, yes, I love thee still,
I love thee, dear one, still.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher.
Songs, Ballads, toy-books.
60 Chatham str. New-York.

(Copyright Secured.)